

An American Peter the Great.

The queer doings of a multi-millionaire and his disinterested friends, for the first time told.

A Tramp, from Conscience.

A genius who "hits the road" and amasses wealth, which he spends in queer ways—

In Sunday's Journal.

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50,000 Women

of America, representing the Federated Women's Clubs, have their mouthpiece in the

American Woman's Home Journal,

a sixteen-page magazine, in colors, devoted to home interests, next Sunday with

The Sunday Journal.

## MRS. RUIZ BROUGHT HERE BY THE JOURNAL THAT SHE MAY DEMAND HER RIGHTS

Family of the American Citizen Who Was Murdered in a Spanish Prison Arrive from Havana on the Steamship Seneca.

Mrs. Ruiz Is Taken to Washington to Present Her Grievous Wrongs to the Government.

Her Recital Confirms in Detail the Particulars of Ruiz's Death as Published in the Journal.

**R**ITA LESCA RUIZ, widow of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, arrived in New York yesterday with her five fatherless children—Mercedes, Evangelina, Ricardo, Rene and Gloria—on the Ward Line steamer Seneca.

This simple statement must quicken the pulse of every American who is a true man, who would protect helpless women and children, who glories in his flag.

For here is the woman who was the loving and faithful wife of a citizen of the United States, an adopted son of this country, who was born in Cuba, who studied his profession in Philadelphia and returned to his native island to practice it. He and his wife lived at Guanabacoa. Two boys and three girls blessed their union.

War began. Ruiz, holding aloof from politics, feeling secure in his citizenship, quietly pursued his work. On the fustian, the most unsubstantial charge, he was dragged from his family by the soldiers of Fonsdevilla, military Governor of Guanabacoa, fit Lieutenant of Weyler.

Ruiz was thrown into a damp, gloomy and solitary cell in the prison of Guanabacoa. There he remained incommunicado, as the Spaniards say, for thirteen days—ten days longer than Spain would dare to keep so one of her own citizens. No one dared to approach his disconsolate wife, his weeping children, for he, too, would have been cast into jail. In that cell Ruiz, citizen of the United States, was done to death, beaten to death. There can be no doubt about that. The Spaniards say, Fonsdevilla roars, Weyler declares, that Ruiz took his own life. How wretched the subterfuge! The very excuse calls up a horrible picture of despair, desperation, death.

**Message on the Chair.**  
But what man about to end his own existence would scratch, with bleeding thumb-nail, into his wooden chair, his last message from his living grave? This Ruiz did. The message, indescribably sad, pulsates with the desire to live for the sake of those

he loved, yet prophesies the end that surely awaited him.

To Mercedes, Evangelina, Ricardo, Rene and Gloria: Farewell, children of my life. Be obedient to your mother. I bless you all. I SHALL BE KILLED. To Rita, my wife and soul, adios. If I am removed tell all. I shall be killed if taken to Havana.

**RICARDO.**  
Fonsdevilla went to the house of this stricken and penniless widow and demanded that she sign a document declaring her husband had committed suicide. She tore the lying paper into bits. She asked him for a permit to take her family from Guanabacoa. He threatened her with arrest as a political suspect, with

incarceration in company with nameless women.

Then this woman appealed to the American people through the Journal.

"The weak and despairing widow of an American citizen who was foully murdered when confined in a Spanish prison in Cuba appeals to you for protection in this, her hour of trouble," Madam Ruiz wrote to the Journal.

"I am utterly lost unless the Journal, that great paper, ever upon the side of right and justice, can aid me.

"Now I am left destitute. What little property he had, including accounts due him



Arrival of Mrs. Rita Ruiz, Whose Husband Was Murdered in Cuba.

His Children Know by Heart the Message Their Father Sent from His Cell.

Their Mother Praises General Lee and Extols the Aid That Lifted Her in Her Sorrow.

years old. She strongly resembles her father. Her mother points to her and says, "She is my consolation. She is his image." In his last message, Dr. Ruiz addressed "Ricardito," little Richard, or Dick, his namesake. The boy is a manly little chap, bright, observant, nine years old. Rene, his younger brother, is seven years, and like his sister Evangelina, looks much like their father. Gloria, the baby of the family, is three years old, a pretty, winsome and wise child. Nothing escapes her big black eyes. Her soft brown hair falls, tangled, around her oval face.

This mother, despairing, has taught her children, the last words their father sent to them by such extraordinary means. Each "child of his life" can repeat these words, "Farewell. Be obedient to your

mother. I bless you all." These five fatherless children know those words by heart. Even the slightest one prattles, "Gloria, mi bendicion."

Mme. Ruiz was too much overcome by her feelings to repress them yesterday. "No words of mine can tell what I feel," she said, falteringly. "If I talked all my life I could not begin to tell my gratitude to the Journal. And General Lee! What a man he is! So brave; so strong; so true! If it had not been for him I might have been dead, or, worse, in prison, separated from my little ones. I cannot talk now about my husband's murder, but I can never be grateful enough for the safety of my children."

The heartbroken widow went to Washington on the 3:30 o'clock train yesterday afternoon. There she will submit her grievous wrongs to President McKinley and to John Sherman, Secretary of State. She will tell them the details of her pitiful story. She will tell them that Fonsdevilla falsely charged Dr. Ruiz with having assisted the insurgent Colonel Aragon, on the night of January 16 last, in derailing a train and capturing ten officers of the Guanabacoa garrison; that when the charge became known at least ten men in Guanabacoa went to the Judge of Instruction and asked that their testimony be taken.

These men were ready to swear they were at the house of Mrs. Ruiz's father on the night of January 16. There was an entertainment to celebrate a family anniversary. At 10 p. m. Dr. Ruiz went home, tired, and two of these witnesses went with him and sat smoking with him until 11 o'clock. That train was derailed at 10:30 p. m., yet that derailment was the pretext on which murder was hung.

To the President and Secretary of State this widow of an American citizen will say: "General Lee's demands on my husband's behalf were long ignored. Neither your Consul nor I was permitted to see him, nor was he allowed to communicate with us. The rights guaranteed to a citizen of your country by your country's treaty with Spain were forgotten. The murderous Fonsdevilla laughed at the privileges assured American citizens by the treaty. Prisoners released from cells adjoining that of my husband told me he was being beaten and tortured by his jailers and that his cries rang through the corridors. Then came the report of his awful death, killed like a rat in a trap."

And, finally, this widow, sorrowing, but, for her children's sake, determined, will demand the vindication of those rights that are born with American citizenship and that cannot die.

**GEN. LEE IGNORES IT,**  
Will Have Nothing to Do with Another Ruiz Investigation Ordered by Spain.

By George Eugene Bryson.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
Havana, March 9.—Consul-General Lee, having been invited to take part in the new investigation about the Ruiz case, which has been ordered from Madrid, has declined either to be present in person or to have the consulate represented by an attorney.

**WANT CUBA RECOGNIZED.**  
Kings County Republican Club Calls on President McKinley to Grant Belligerent Rights.

At a meeting of the Kings County Republican Committee in the Johnson building, Brooklyn, last night, a resolution was introduced by Bernard Callaghan calling upon President McKinley to recognize the struggling Cuban patriots and accord to them the rights of belligerency.

George Drakeley, who said that the resolution be laid on the table temporarily. Callaghan then made a speech, in which he said that as this was the first resolution he had introduced during his three years' connection with the organization, he would like to have Drakeley withdraw his protest against its adoption. Drakeley did so and the resolution was unanimously adopted.

**WAR NEWS EDITED BY SPAIN.**

Admit Losing a General and Ten Soldiers in the Philippine Islands.

Madrid, March 9.—A dispatch from Manila confirms the report of the capture of the town of Salibran, in the Philippine Islands, by the Government troops. General Zamalla, of the Spanish forces, was killed while leading the attack on the insurgents' position. The Spanish lost ten killed and thirty wounded, and the insurgents had seventy-six killed.

**MORE TROUBLE FOR ENGLAND.**

Frenchmen Invade Her Territory on the West Coast of Africa.

London, March 9.—A dispatch from Brass, on the west coast of Africa, says that the news of the occupation of the town of Boussa by a French force of 400 men, commanded by white officers, is confirmed.

This incursion into territory long recognized as being within the British sphere is resented by the officials of the British Niger Company, who are considering the question of forcibly expelling the intruders.

**Bismarck Cannot Sleep of Talk.**

Berlin, March 9.—Prince Bismarck is suffering from an attack of neuralgia so serious as to prevent him from either sleeping or talking.



for professional services, is all attached, and in the hands of Spaniards to meet the cost of his arrest and confinement. What a ghastly farce! His wife and children left homeless, without money to buy bread, that his modest belongings and humble earnings may pay for his murder without trial in a Spanish prison cell.

"To the Journal I appeal for protection, and through its columns to the American people, the majority of whom, I am convinced, know far too little of the frequent outrages committed against their fellow citizens residing here."

**Who Could Have Refused?**  
The Journal answered for the people. Now, pray do not misunderstand. These facts are not here narrated proudly, with vanity. For there is not a man over whom floats the Stars and Stripes who would not, if he could, do what the Journal did.

Luckily Consul-General Lee represents, truly represents, the United States in Cuba. What the Journal did is told in this cablegram sent from Havana on March 3 last, by George Eugene Bryson, the Journal's special correspondent.

"Through Consul-General Lee's kind intervention I finally succeeded this afternoon in obtaining for Mrs. Ruiz and her children permits from the civil and military authorities at Guanabacoa to enable them to remove to this city."

"Mrs. Ruiz came over this evening, accompanied by her oldest daughter, and called at the Journal Bureau to ask that I wire the Journal her grateful thanks for its prompt and generous response to her appeal. I accompanied her to the Consulate, where she also thanked General Lee for the interest shown by him on behalf of her and her children."

"While Mrs. Ruiz waited, Deputy Consul Frane went to the palace and obtained for her the necessary Government passports, authorizing the departure of herself and her children from Cuba."

"Upon behalf of the Journal I have booked them as passengers on the Seneca, sailing to-morrow afternoon for New York direct."

So, perhaps, you will understand now why the arrival in the United States of this widow and these children is at once stirring and pathetic. Waiting on the pier for the Seneca's arrival yesterday were many Cubans, women and men. Few of them personally knew Mme. Ruiz. All of them sympathized with her, pitied her, loved her.

This woman, widowed by Spanish cruelty, and her children, formed a sombre group. All wore mourning. The mother is slight and delicate, of medium height. Her pallor, the hollows around her eyes, her red eyelids told of the sufferings, the grief she had endured. As she descended the gangplank the men in the party who assisted her raised their hats. The Widow Ruiz wept as she was greeted by those she did not know, yet who were her friends.

**Mercedes Resembles Her Father.**  
Mercedes, her oldest daughter, a girl of thirteen years, tall and slender, supported her mother, her arm around her waist. Evangelina, the second daughter, is eleven

New York, March 9/97  
Sr Editor del Journal.  
Deses dar a vd. las  
mas sencillas gracias por lo  
mucho que ha hecho y se propone  
vd. hacer en mi triste situacion.  
El Journal esta siempre  
con granbenimo carino por todos  
los Cubanos y espero que  
los esfuerzos de sus editores y  
energias personales en prolar a  
fondo la verdad de el horrible  
crimen que fue cometido en el  
caso de mi desgraciado esposo  
podra de relieves los horrores de  
la guerra sucumbida que esta  
destruyendo a los pobres Cubanos  
y lograre que se respete la justicia  
y los derechos del pueblo libre  
e inocente de v. d. de v. d.  
Dña Rita Ruiz W. de Ruiz

Mrs. Rita Ruiz to the Journal.

Translation.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I wish to express to you my sincerest thanks for the very great deal that you have already done and propose you to do in my and plight.

The Journal is affectionately regarded by all Cubans, and I hope that the efforts of your energetic paper in probing to the depths the details of the horrible crime committed in the case of my unfortunate husband will give to the world in flaming letters the truth of what is happening in Cuba, the horrors of the uncivilized warfare, that is decimating the poor island, and will succeed in obtaining for free and peaceful citizens a due respect of their privileges and a due regard for justice.

RITA LESCA VD. DE RUIZ

Mrs. Rita Ruiz and Her Five Children.